The Liberalist

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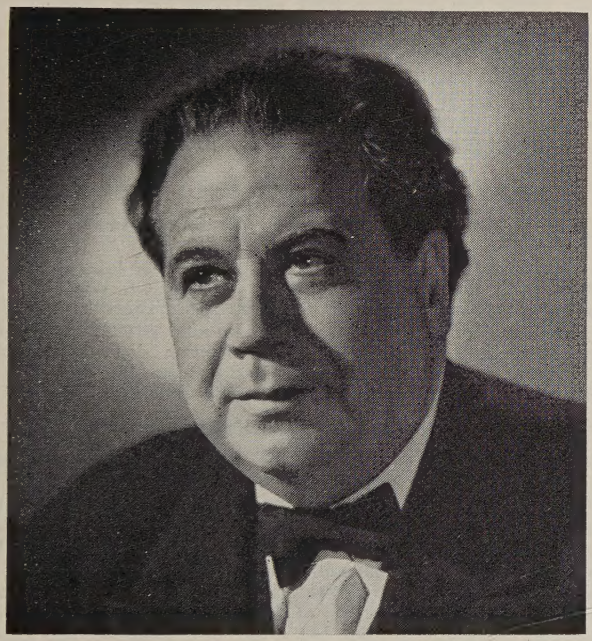
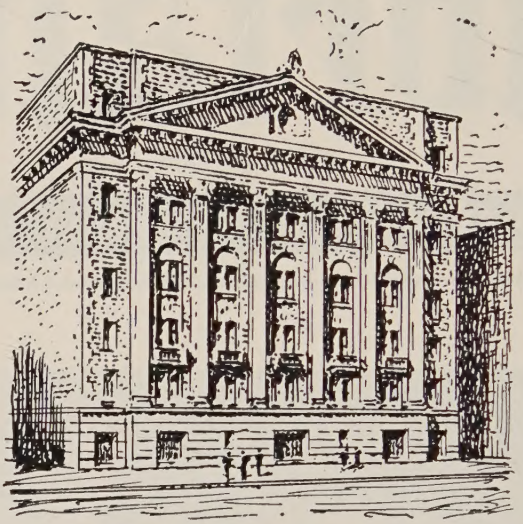


TO DR. PRESTON BRADLEY ON HIS BIRTHDAY

August 18, 1956

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by *golden hours,*
Don't remember clouds at all.
Count your night by stars, not shadows;
Count the cost in smiles, not tears —
And with joy, on this your birthday,
Count your life in friends — not years.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

HERE it is only the 12th of June and it becomes necessary for me to write *Along the Way* for the August number of *The Liberalist*! This is necessary because of publishing requirements and vacations all along the line in our office staff, in the Study and in the publisher's office. What makes it still more difficult for me to write today is the fact that the temperature is 93° as I sit here at my desk in the Study.

This afternoon I am leaving for Texas to deliver an address and at the moment I do not dare anticipate what the weather will be there if this heat continues; so if this article is uninteresting and full of mistakes—I am not minimizing the responsibility which is mine but I am trying to justify what may possibly cause you to criticize the article.

It will not be until the September number that I shall be able to give you any reports of my European travels this summer. I can speak of one or two events in the immediate past which, by the time you read these words will have taken place a long time previously.

* * *

Down through the years the closing service of our church season has always been for me a very momentous experience. As we part for the summer I like to keep in my mind the memory of that last service together. This year in spite of the intense heat for the Sunday, which broke all June records for heat, one of the finest congregations we have had in the entire year gathered for the service. As I played over the recording which was made of the service Sunday evening in the Study I felt the spirit and the beauty of it all.

The service was somewhat distinctive from our usual Sunday morning service for two reasons. First, because it was the last service of Mr. Gregg Carter, our student associate, who has been helping in the work of the church during his final year in the Meadville Theological School at the University of Chicago. Mr. Carter was graduated this June with his bachelor's degree in theology and, as I write is going to Boston to meet the Fellowship Committee of the Unitarian Association and will be ordained and established in his own church in the fall. He has asked me to come on and preach his ordination sermon which I hope it will be possible for me to do.

Mr. Carter has endeared himself to our church school and to the young people of our Channing Club, many of whom attended his graduation. People in the church and various organizations presented him with some gifts as pleasant mementos of the year which he has spent with us. I expressed to him at the service our feelings as a church and he responded most graciously and appropriately.

On the afternoon of our closing Sunday I performed the marriage ceremony for Mr. Rex Styzens and Miss Sybil Bly Lane, two of our own young people. Rex grew up in our church school and has been a part of our church for years. He is now a student at our Meadville University, studying for the ministry, which makes us all very happy and not a little proud. He will be with the church next year, assisting in the church school with the

young people and carrying on the work which Mr. Carter has done during the past year. I sometimes wish that when I was a young student I might have been associated with an active working church and with a busy minister. I begin to see how important it is.

The other interesting experience at our closing service was to have with me the Reverend Dr. William Constable and the Reverend Wilna Constable. I met them first 30 years ago at the Annual May meetings of the American Unitarian Association held in Boston, the year in which I was the Anniversary preacher. The next summer I was their guest in Warwick, England, where they had a co-pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Warwick. I preached for them on that occasion. Ever since it has been my hope and desire that they might be in my pulpit in Chicago. It was not until 29 years later that this wish was fulfilled.

Dr. and Mrs. Constable are well known throughout the Liberal religious world. They wanted to visit as much of the world as they could and to serve in various parts of the world. From Warwick, England, they went to New Zealand, where they had a good pastorate. From New Zealand they went to Vancouver, British Columbia. From Vancouver they went to Capetown, South Africa, where they had a fine experience in our church in Capetown. From there they received a call to the Unitarian Church of Orlando, Florida, which they accepted, and where they have been for many years, retiring recently.

Dr. Constable is a Shakespearean scholar and Professor of English Literature at that excellent college, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. He retains his position on the faculty and will return at the beginning of the academic year. They have been our house guests over the week-end and were it not that it was my concluding Sunday I would have insisted that one of them preach the sermon; but inasmuch as it was the closing Sunday I felt that this responsibility I should assume. I did, however, invite them to participate with me in the service, which they did so acceptably and brilliantly that all week long the phone has been ringing and the letters have been coming telling us of the inspiring and attractive manner in which they took part in our beautiful morning service.

Dr. Constable selected the poem for the day and properly chose a sonnet by George Santayana which he read with great distinction and artistry. He then read the Litany service. Mrs. Constable gave the pastoral prayer and a more beautiful prayer was never given in our pulpit. I felt that if the congregation could have been dismissed at the close of their participation in the service, all of us would have received a spiritual uplift which did not require anything more.

Dr. and Mrs. Constable are on their way to the West Coast and will return for a day or two with us in September before the beginning of Rollins College year. Our friendship has deepened with the years. They are the kind of people who are a joy to have about. Their presence is an inspiration. They live life on a high altitude. Their conversation is never merely a reiteration of trivia, but has all the buoyancy and joy and charm of elevated thoughts properly and beautifully expressed. June and I have been very happy to be their hosts and we shall look forward with most pleasant anticipation to a return visit.

At the end of the closing service I stood for more than an hour shaking

hands and saying farewells to the most wonderful people in the world — the people of our beloved church. By the time you are reading these lines my European travels will be behind me. As I write, they are before me, but wherever I go I shall carry with me the most impressive moment of my entire ministerial year—the moment when that great congregation all stood and we sang together "God be with you till we meet again."

Forty-four years of my life I have now spent with the church I love. As we begin our forty-fifth year together on the 16th of September, may it be one of the best.

* * *

Before I forget it, I hope that you are listening to the sermonettes every Sunday morning which are being broadcast by WJJD at 11 o'clock. I know this station with which we have been identified so long would appreciate having a little note or word from you and also I would appreciate your sending an expression to the church office, each one of which I shall ultimately read. We have no other way in radio of knowing whether we are doing any good or not, except as listeners write. These Sunday morning broadcast sermonettes will continue until church begins with the full hour broadcast on September 16th.

* * *

While August is quite a long way, calendarwise, from June, inasmuch as the July article I devoted to a commencement address, I am going to continue and tell you the story of another commencement which I had. These two commencements coming in the same season constituted a unique experience for me because of their individual significance to me.

In June, 1914, I performed the ceremony uniting in marriage my sister, Beulah Margaret Bradley and Russell V. Judson. These two young people graduated in the morning from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor; that afternoon in our own home in the village of Linden, I united them in marriage. That evening they were on their way to Colorado for a wedding trip, and I was on my way to Montreal to sail for Europe, the first time that I crossed the ocean. That day stands out as vividly to me now as when it took place so long ago.

Some years later I christened their two daughters, Jeanne and Roseann. Some years later I married Roseann Judson to Mr. Carl Lind, one of the finest young men I have ever known. A year or two later I christened their son, who was given my name—Preston Bradley Lind—and who is my grandnephew. He was christened in our own church as a baby; and in May, I gave his graduating address. He was graduated from the same Linden High School from which I was graduated just 51 years ago.

It was a thrilling experience for me to give the graduating address, not only because it was my own High School, but because before me in the class was one of my own family who is to bear my name throughout his lifetime. And the most beautiful part of it all is that he is a young man of exceptional intellectual brilliancy, a fine athlete, high-minded, high-purposed and, for a seventeen-year-old, is a living example that he belongs to the great 97% of the 'teenagers of America who are determined to make something of life and who refuse to permit the 3% of the group who get into trouble to represent with any degree of accuracy the 'teenagers of this nation. I am proud of him and the whole family are, likewise. He has a multitude of friends, is one of the most

popular members of his class, and ranks high in scholarship.

His grandfather and grandmother, his father and mother, and his great grandmother, Mrs. Ephriam Judson, were present at the exercises. It was a great night for us all and was crowned by what to me was a most inspiring experience, for he said to me: "My grandfather and grandmother, my father and mother are all members of The Peoples Church of Chicago. I was christened in the church. I would like to be a member, too. And on the first Sunday in June, his mother and he came to Chicago and he was publicly received with our fine group of new members. As I came to the reading of his name in the public reception of new members I think you can understand the feelings of my heart. Three generations of his family and of mine I have received into our church; until one's roots get so deep down in the church which one loves so much, that if I should ever pull them up I know I would wither and die. I believe in long pastorates for ministers. A church is a family and when the relationship grows more beautiful as the years pass, there is no finer experience which one can have.

On the Saturday before Preston Bradley Lind was received into the church, I took his mother and himself out to Lake Forest College where he matriculated. Here again he is following in the footsteps of the one for whom he is named, for some years ago Lake Forest College conferred upon me the degree of LL.D. and as an alumnus of Lake Forest College I was happy to know that he had chosen that fine institution for the beginning of his own academic career; so during the next church year he probably will come in to church occasionally from Lake Forest and we shall have the opportunity of seeing him often.

* * *

Only last evening June and I had the opportunity of being two of many who were guests of Mr. Andy Kluck, at his famous restaurant known as The Barn, on the south side of Chicago. Mr. Kluck and his fine family have been radio listeners for years and we were fortunate that he included us in the invitation for the evening. If I were to give the names of those who were present they would be familiar to you all, but we were privileged to be seated at the table with Mr. W. A. Patterson, president of the United Airlines, who was leaving the next morning with his plane for Washington to bring the great German statesman Konrad Adenauer back to Chicago. Also at our table were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Behring and Dr. and Mrs. Constable.

We had a most instructive and illuminating conversation at our table. As I told Mr. Patterson, after listening to his philosophy on which they operate the great United Airlines, I had received ideas and suggestions for a dozen sermons, and I had. One remark which he made I am going to pass on to you now, but you will hear more of the things he said when I return to the pulpit this fall.

Mr. Patterson has, of course, his own private plane, which is one of the great planes of the airways. When he goes on a personal trip, as he will in the morning for Mr. Adenauer, his pilots are chosen from the line and the first one to report in the morning is the one who flies his plane. He takes his pilots from his own regular crews. He told of one time when he was flying to New York. He went down to the plane and the pilot, whom he did not choose but who was chosen because of regulations, said to him, "Mr. Patter-

son, the weather report is not good. Are you in a hurry, and what do you want me to do?" Mr. Patterson said to the pilot, "Captain, when I am on the plane as President of the United Airlines, you are the Captain of the ship. I have no authority on this plane. When we are in the air it is your sole responsibility." I thought of that attitude and June and I spoke of it coming home. If Mr. Ismay, the president of the White Star Line, who was a passenger on the "Titanic," had had the same attitude as Mr. Patterson, that disaster never would have taken place. If Captain Schmidt of the "Titanic" had said to Mr. Ismay, "I am the Captain of this ship; we are in an ice field, and we are going to slow down, irrespective of your desire for speed or a record ocean crossing," instead of allowing the order of an official of the company to supercede the Captain, the tragic result might have been avoided.

I found Mr. Patterson to be a most interesting and unusual personality, with a philosophy of operation which easily accounts for the merited success and achievement of the United Airlines.

* * *

Well, it will soon be September, even though I write in June, and I look forward to my return in a few weeks to our beloved pulpit. Next month I shall tell you of our summer. I hope for you and everyone you love, that you are having a summer of restoration, recreation and happiness.

AN ENCOURAGER OF MEN

By GREGG CARTER

IN many ways the most significant thing that happened to me in the past year was coming to People's Church to be associated with Doctor Bradley as Director of Religious Education. It was a busy church year, full of deep satisfaction and pleasant surprises, but also of heartache and frustration. So it is very gratifying for me to have this opportunity to write a few words of appreciation of our great church, of its friendly members, but most of all of its truly amazing pastor.

You know, I have always preferred the title, pastor or minister, to such honorifics as preacher, or doctor, or parson, or reverend. None of these latter titles quite express the idea which is central to the ministry of religion. And that fundamental idea is just this: the original meaning of the word *pastor* was a shepherd. A shepherd is one whom those who follow can trust to be concerned for their welfare, who at all times and without qualification ministers to the real needs of his own.

In the light of this idea, how fully Dr. Bradley deserves the title, pastor! Being involved intimately in many of the operations of the church, I have had the opportunity to observe his concern for our people. Further, I believe it will be no breach of trust for me to tell you that I have seen Dr. Bradley attending to the needs of the members of our church even when prudence would have commanded that he rest and his own health demanded it. Over and over I have seen him literally sacrifice himself for us in a hundred different ways. I admire and love him for it.

Not all of us can be preachers, much less great ones; nor can all of us be good teachers, or competent leaders. These require special learning and patient practice. But, presumably, all of us could constantly have the welfare of other people at heart—and this is one of Jesus' "great commandments." Whatever his occupation each one of us can be measured in his concern for the welfare of others, but most of us would be embarassed by such an inquiry;Dr. Bradley, in contrast goes off the positive end of the scale.

Once, in a sermon, Dr. Frederic May Eliot, the President of the American Unitarian Association got to the heart of the matter when he said that the great minister is more than any other person "an encourager of men." This truth has remained with me. And it is in the light of this observation that I would judge all the clergy; do we encourage persons to grow, do they blossom forth because of the nourishment and sunlight we provide? If we could answer this question with an unqualified "yes", the churches of America would be overcrowded.

I have often thought that Dr. Bradley must be a great deal like that great Boston Unitarian minister of the 19th century, Edward Everett Hale—the author of the *Man Without A Country*—who organized a society whose purpose was to encourage men whatever their condition. Its motto is worth recalling: "Look up and not down, Look forward and not back, Look out and not in, Lend a hand!"

To be an "encourager of men" is to be a friend. And it is friendship which I value above all other human relationships with the exception of family. So it is in all ways and above all things I value Dr. Bradley as a friend. It is in this spirit that all of those who know you and all the people of our church join me in wishing you, Dr. Bradley, a happy birthday and a fruitful Forty-fifth Anniversary Year. Hail great preacher, capable thinker, faithful minister, kind pastor, but above all, loyal friend. The trumpets are sounding for you on this side: As has been said to royalty in all ages, *Live Forever!*

ANVIL IN THE SKY

(This poem by Olo Vell Bryant so appealed to Dr. Bradley that he publishes it in memory of his father.)

The blacksmith and his spreading tree
Will soon become a memory;
But these old smithies never die;
They're busy still, at work on high.
They shape the crescent moon I've found,
Then hammer out a perfect round;
And when a meteor flames afar
It's then they forge—a brand new star.

"LAST MINUTE PEOPLE"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

DO you know any "last minute" people? I know quite a few and the fact of the matter is that you're listening to one now because one of my tendencies is to sort of put things off to the last minute, and I have observed that it's almost a universal trait—to wait until the last minute! Probably one of the reasons, as we analyze this attribute and characteristic of human nature, is to be found in the fact that, particularly if something is unpleasant, we want to postpone it. We do not like to face issues, and we do not like to bring things to a crisis—to settle a situation and be done with it! There is a certain element of postponement in each of our lives and there are a lot of people who have fine things to do and things that they enjoy doing, but, nevertheless, they'll put it off until almost the last minute! And sometimes the "last minute" is the "too late" minute, so that if we utilized more carefully the opportunities before the last minute, the minute which precedes the "last minute", life would be much more buoyant, much more triumphant and much more beautiful than it is for most of us!

Now I'm not a very good Calvinist! Those of you who have been hearing me over the years don't have to be told that, and it might be shocking to some of you who might be listening, perhaps, for the first time, but I'm not much of a Calvinist! I mean by that that I do not believe there is a perversity of human nature which is *born* in the soul and the individual! I have never believed very much in this something called "Adamic sin"! I have never accepted the idea that a little child is born in sin—I don't believe it! I have never accepted the idea at all that we are, by nature, vile—because I don't believe it! I read in the Book that man was created in the image of God—*that* I believe—that he's not a worm of the dust; that he's not a viper crawling in the mud; that he's not possessed of inherited qualities of vileness which, if not corrected, mean disaster to him—I cannot accept the Calvinistic interpretation at all! It has no part in my thinking; it has no place in my religious philosophy — none whatever! I think that when it comes down to this matter of the natural perversity of human nature it largely exists because of the absence of the good and not because it has any reality in itself! The greatest truth that was ever, I think, spoken, by the lips of the wisest teacher the world has ever known was when He warned us not to fight evil, that it wasn't enough to attack; that it wasn't enough to make a law; that it wasn't enough to organize opposition; that it wasn't enough to fight objectively and actively something called "evil", but He had a better way! And that better way is having a difficult time getting an opportunity of trial! It hasn't been tried very often anywhere by anybody. But He enunciated one of the most fundamental and vital truths that a human being can ever learn—the way to treat evil is how? To overcome evil with good!

Evil in itself is self-destructive, but evil objectively fought is not overcome. The only way it is possible for us to overcome evil is to substitute for the evil that which makes evil become non-

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THE memories of my childhood constitute for me the sustaining pillars of my life.

If I were to have taken out of my life the first sixteen years, which I spent under the roof of my father and in the companionship of my mother, the very heart of life itself would be eliminated and removed. In those first sixteen years I can find something which has sustained and kept me, and encouraged me all the rest of the years since. In that little village of five hundred people, the village of Linden where we had no social status at all, we all grew up together.

After graduating from high school I went away to college and broke the ties of home. When I stepped into the car and sat down and the train started, it seemed to me that I would give anything in the world if I could just jump off the train, for I didn't want to leave my father and mother.

That first evening things went along pretty well until it came time to go to bed, but when I opened up my suitcase—that's what did it—for resting on the top of my homemade bathrobe was something my father knew that I loved, and still love—a great big, beautiful, colorful Michigan apple! I sat down with the tears running down my face. But I got a little comfort from the fact that I had made up my mind that I was going home.

I didn't go home. I stuck it out. It would have been cowardly and disappointing to them had I gone home and quit. Fathers and mothers don't like youngsters who quit.

So the years went along and the 26th of October, 1926 rolled around, and I walked into the pulpit of our present building for the first time. I rose to preach the sermon—the first sermon in our new church. Right in the middle of the sermon I looked down and there sat my father. My little mother had long since left us.

I don't know what I was saying out loud, but in my heart I was saying: "Dad, I want to thank you and mother—thank you for the homemade shirts; thank you for the apples; thank you for the love—the memories!"

All the gold in Fort Knox couldn't buy for me at this moment the memories of my childhood.

"Last Minute People"

(*Continued from page* 9)

existent! Evil and good cannot synchronize! They are by character so directly opposed in constituency to every value that they never can be synchronized. There never can exist evil where good is present! Evil has no power whatever, except the power which is given to it by those who do not understand the law of spiritual development! When evil exists in the human consciousness or in human action it always exists because something is lacking, because somewhere there is a paucity of true spiritual concept, with the result that evil manifests itself, demonstrates itself, and man thinks that the way to overcome it is simply to attack it or to fight it! Fighting evil never destroyed evil yet, either in a society or in a personality! Merely approaching negatively this problem is never a solution. It is only in the creative quality of persistent affirmation of the presence of the good, the existence of truth, the adornment of beauty, that we grow and develop spiritually! And that is why those who make a profession of merely attacking or condemning evil give to evil a power which it does not possess, but which quasi-power manifests itself in the individual life and in society. Therefore, what a tragedy it is for the personality, the individual, who wants to live life in terms of totality and not in just little broken segments, but who wants to live life in terms of totality, that they ever encourage any defective quality in the development of character! And there isn't any quality I know that is of greater assistance to the disintegration of the personality than the refusal to meet responsibility when it is immediate!

When there is something to be done postponing it only adds to its failure! When there is a decision to be made, if you say to yourself: "I'll wait 'till a week from Tuesday and then I'll do something about it; I'll postpone, postpone and delay and I'll wait for the last minute of decision"—you have already laid the foundation for your own failure in that situation! For manifested strength has the power of recreativeness—the same power which the human heart has! The human heart, of all the organs of the human body—and we are seeing it demonstrated these days—possesses the faculty of recreating its own impairment so that tissues heal though they leave a scar, but it has a recreative faculty! So of the soul! The soul has the capacity of recreativeness, and positive affirmation is one of the finest assistants to the integrity of such action that I know of! If you and I would begin every day when we open our eyes in the morning—I try to do it every day when I open my eyes in the morning; I simply affirm that this, for me, is going to be a good day, that I'm going to meet all kinds of people, that I have all kinds of work to do and responsibilities to meet, but I'm going to meet them creatively and I'm going to meet them affirmatively, and there is a positive connection between affirmation and achievement! That is not conjectural; that is not hypothetical—that is demonstrable!

I will guarantee to every confused person listening or here; I will guarantee to every life that is in turmoil; I will guarantee to every frustrated individual; I will guarantee to every individual who is dissipating his energies, and because of the dissipation of these energies is losing the very essence of vitality and, therefore, is unable to make decisions and unable to meet responsibilities and will evidently progress into something still more disas-

Photograph taken of 11 o'clock Easter Day Service in The People

hicago. Only half of the congregation appears in the photograph.

trous; I will guarantee to any person in this congregation this morning—and this is something that is so needed and so helpful—I will guarantee to any person in this congregation if you will tear out by the roots every mental attitude that you have of criticism, envy, attack, every bit of that out by the roots, and get up in the morning and say: "I shall meet people I cannot like this day; I shall probably have situations that I cannot handle; I shall have problems I cannot solve, but I shall not wait until the last minute to demonstrate the truth, and I shall assume an attitude toward them which is constructive, remedial and creative!" If you will do that, you will demonstrate for yourself what has been demonstrated myriads of times: that thought processes have direct chemical reactions on the physical structure, and if we tear out by the roots these negative attitudes, these negative ideas, these negative approaches to life and become affirmative and creative, the skies of life will clear, the sunset will become beautiful and the dawn rosy! There is no magic about it; there is no one who can present you with it—it is something that you must do, it requires effort from you! No one can hand it to you by a magical phrase or a magical technological approach—it must be yours!

That is why it is almost a tragedy that there are so many people who wait until disaster, until some overpowering tragedy settles down about their lives, until some unseen disaster enters into the portals of their house; that so many people wait until war, until crime, until these things burst out upon the life of people as individuals and in society before they turn to God! *Then* they want to pray; *then* they want religion; *then* they go back to the church; *then* they demand of the spiritual leaders an answer; *then* they read the books—when the trouble has become a reality; *then* they seek God! What a tragedy! With preparation day by day, constructively and creatively, when the tragedy dawns you do not have to beg and plead with God—God has been building with you from the beginning! We don't ask to miss trouble or heartache, we only ask to be equipped to meet it when it comes! That is a triumphant life and that is strength!

An old man I knew once was a very prayerful man, very! He prayed almost without ceasing, and he was a bit of a saint too! And I said to him one time: "You seem to be praying all the time!" I said: "Why?" He said: "You know, I want God to become familiar with my voice so when I *really* need Him we will not be strangers!"

BOOK CHATS

HOW to Adopt a Child, by Ernest and Frances Cady, surprised me as a book title. Then I read further that Ernest Cady is the author of "We Adopted Three." And further on I read, "An indispensable practical guide-book for anyone who wants to Know *all* the facts about adoption. With a complete list of state-licensed child-placing agencies."

William Morrow and Company, the publishers, tell us that the list of all the state licensed child placement agencies is a unique feature of the book, as this list has never before been readily available to the general public, and it is the most complete and up-to-date catalog of sources in print. Concrete answers are given to such questions as Where can you obtain a child? What will an agency expect of you? and What Should You Expect of an Agency?

A couple wishing to adopt a child, by knowing all the details of the adoption process, will be able to avoid many pitfalls, such as the bureaucratic dead-ends, the legal impediments, the heartache and anxiety that come from not knowing what lies ahead.

Here are the chapter headings: Why Do You Want to Adopt? — Who Adopts?—Where to Obtain a Child—Where Your Child Will Come From—What an Agency Will Expect of You—What You May Expect of an Agency —Independent Placements (Gray Market)—Early vs. Delayed Placement—The Over-Forty Applicants — Older Children—The Handicapped Child—Children From Overseas—Negro Adoptions—The Agency and Its Problems. And in Part II: What to Tell Your Adopted Child—Environment vs. Heredity—Ten Rules for Parents—What You Should Know About Adoption Laws.

From a mere cursory glance at this book one can see that it would be well for any couple considering the adoption of a child to own the book and read it thoroughly to become acquainted with the dangers of buying a "black market" baby. In this book you can find out what you can safely, legally and ethically do to obtain the child you so desperately want.

The different types of agencies are here described in detail, with their actual workings and advantages and disadvantages. There is a section entirely devoted to parents who have already adopted a child. The book will be invaluable not only to couples, but to social workers, doctors and ministers.

* * *

I wish every parent would take the time to examine thoroughly CHILDCRAFT. What is it? It is a set of 15 volumes of beautifully bound books that will help you to surround your child with culture from the time he or she toddles until they leave the protection of your home for adult life. CHILDCRAFT will give you a foundation for bringing up your children to develop good reading habits; to guide emotional development; to get ready for school; to get ready for a fuller life.

In CHILDCRAFT there are hundreds of folk and fairy tales, poems, and stories carefully selected by outstanding authorities, which provide more than mere entertainment.

There is the finest art program ever

worked out for children; a music section for the whole family; an interesting and informative introduction to the wonders of nature, science and industry; and hundreds of exciting and educational creative activities.

Four carefully planned volumes share with you the practical knowledge and experience of more than 150 leading child-guidance specialists.

Do you know the correct way to answer such questions as these from your children? Is there a man in the moon? What makes the sky blue? Why does night come? What makes it rain? What makes the leaves fall? Where do the stars go in the daytime? What makes my shadow? Where did I come from? What makes thunder and lightning? At what age should my daughter get an allowance? And do you know how you can teach your children to share? Do you know when to start to read to your baby? Or how to handle temper tantrums? Or how to stop your child from biting other children? Do you know what makes your little boy bite his nails? Do you know how to control the reading of comics? CHILDCRAFT has the answer to these questions and many, many more.

Angelo Patri, teacher, writer, and child psychologist, lent his enthusiastic collaboration to CHILDCRAFT and wrote the introduction to the Anthology. He says: "The child who has these books is fortunate. With a touch of his hand he can open a door that leads to the pleasant place where actuality gives place to dream and hope and inspired faith. You can give a child very little that he can keep as his own. You can give him a good book. There is no finer gift within your power."

CHILDCRAFT is a definite part of the nation-wide movement for child betterment—a program that has enlisted increasing attention and enthusiasm from all the progressive elements of our national life. Though the problems that arise in bringing up children are not new, they are intensified by the impact of the world-wide social and economic upheaval of our time. These books give the parent a long-range development plan for the present and the future. Much of the inspiration in Childcraft is drawn from the findings of the famous White House Conference on Children and Youth, called from time to time by the President of the United States.

We have only to look about us in our own country to realize how clearly parents and educators are beginning to see the need for training children from the beginning in wholesome, well disciplined, happy homes.

Childcraft was started during 1931, with an aim, but without a name. The seven-volume first edition was made available in 1935. The series then consisted of art and literature volumes for children, and guidance volumes for parents and teachers. Professor Patty Smith Hill at Columbia University was Advisory Editor of the volumes. Angelo Patri lent his collaboration as we said previously. Milo Winter, artist and illustrator was the Art Director.

The old edition of seven volumes and the paper-bound Art Book were replaced in 1939 by a new edition consisting of 14 volumes. The three Anthology volumes had become six, the three parent volumes and the parent guide had become six, and a full-bound, large-size volume of Art and Music and one on Science and Industry had been added. The bindings had been newly designed by Milo Winter. New contributors were engaged and entirely new articles included.

By 1954 Childcraft had become 15 volumes, and a Blue Ribbon edition for the use of parents, teachers and

children. There were more than 200 added pages; 164 additional color illustrations of breathtaking beauty; 900 additional photographs, diagrams and drawings. Illustrations by 24 new artists; humorous cartoons by 16 nationally famous cartoonists, which add a delightfully light touch to the guidance materials; the 50 chapters in the field of child guidance now expanded to 140 chapters; and the number of Childcraft contributors in the 1954 edition raised to more than 150. This total is three times the number in the old edition.

When I opened the first volume "Poems of Early Childhood," and saw the extravagance of exquisite color lavishly spread on every page, I longed to own the book myself (for I never have grown up—and I love beauty—and these books are beautiful in the extreme). There is no describing the beauty of these bindings or the exquisite work of the artists. There is one volume alone which I am told cost $35,000 to assemble originally. The books are published by Field Enterprises and are a blessing to humanity. That is why I am so anxious to tell our readers about them.

Summer is an excellent time to do some special browsing and prepare for the winter. Do go to the public library (where I understand there are five sets of these exceptionally wonderful books) or to Kroch-Brentanos, or to your favorite book shop and ask to see Childcraft. Give yourself plenty of time, for you will want it once you begin to delve into the 15 volumes.

I immediately said to the friend who was telling me about them: "Oh, this must be a frightfully expensive set. I know by the beauty of it, it just has to be." She said "You will be surprised," and I was. Any home will find it within their means to budget, and that is another reason I feel it is so worth while to tell you about these books.

There is a Key to Childcraft that helps you to get the most out of it for your children and yourself. Need I say more to make you curious?

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

ONE of our church members, Francesca Falk Miller Nielsen, has recently had published a beautiful edition of her Collected Poetry. 294 poems are contained in a beautifully bound volume. The book has been published under the name Francesca Falk Miller. Mrs. Nielsen asked Dr. Bradley to write the preface to the book and I know our readers will be interested in what Dr. Bradley has written. I quote it here:

"A PREFACE AND AN APPRECIATION"

"It has been said more than once that there are hundreds of definitions of art. One could say the same of

poetry. Certainly it is more than Wordsworth's oft-quoted statement that poetry is emotion remembered in tranquility. Great poetry is frequently far from being emotion remembered in anything.

"Over the many years of our friendship I have often tried to analyze the poetry of Francesca Falk Miller. I am convinced by any norm of what constitutes great poetry that some of her poems will live as long as this language is spoken and written. Her poem *Immortality* is such a poem. I have used this poem and many others from her pen in my lectures, sermons, and broadcasts. It was read at the services for my loved ones. It has found its way into many anthologies and is incised in marble on the wall of Meditation Chapel in Memory Park, Salt Lake City. I think it is one of the best poems on immortality ever written. There are many others of her poems in a wide variety of places. This makes it difficult for one to find a particular poem when desired. It is thoughtful and considerate of Francesca Falk Miller to collect all of her poetry in this one beautiful book, and I am greatly honored and deeply affected that she should ask one who never wrote a line of poetry for an introduction to the collection of her poems.

"We have shared together in the loss of those dear to us; we have worked together in civic and cultural activities in the city we both love. I have the honor of being her minister. All of these years have deepened my appreciation of her friendship and have revealed in her creative writing a quality of understanding life such as few people possess.

"It seems to me that one of the most important attributes of art is to communicate. When I read one of her poems I seem to experience something of the mood which the poet had when the poem came into being. That is the test of a work of art. As with all poets, some of her poems are better than others, but that they are all poetry every competent critic, I am sure, would acknowledge.

"May this book, as it takes its place in the noble gallery of poetry, be an enduring monument to a sensitive and creative soul. Poetry is the reality of experience. The poet is the historian of the soul. The poet retains for us all the experiences of life. The genius of the poet preserves the great moments of life which otherwise would be lost. To have written an enduring line of great poetry is to have achieved immortality. Such a poet is Francesca Falk Miller.

Preston Bradley."

There are six parts to the collection: Immortality — Pink Lightning — The Prodigal—Lake of Stars—Never Winter—1812 In Song and Story.

LACE

The edge of fleecy clouds adrift in space.
White foam from beating surf in storm's embrace.
Patterns of dew, that dawn's fair fingers trace.
A gossamer spider-web in some dim place.
A baby's frock, where ribbons interlace.
A bridal veil, hanging with vestal grace.
Fine wrinkles on some aging, kindly face.

Prodigal is a beautiful poem. Then as sad news came of a member's passing, and other grievous news of illness among another member's family, I chanced to open to this poem which, at that moment, when there seemed so much of anguish abroad, somehow carried healing with it:

LET LIFE BE LOVELY

Let Life be lovely!
Let Life have its way.
It is not bound by spheres
Nor timed by mortal day.
Give love the reins;
Stem not a single tide;
Let song-birds wing their way;
Let petals open wide.

Let Life be kindly . . .
Neither kill nor maim
A joyous living thing
That power of love could tame.
Think not on sorrow,
Anguish, sin or death;
Welcome experience
With each courageous breath.

Give Life your trust . . .
Though all the rest may fear.
That which love grants to you
Is all you need hold dear.
Look up to stars—
Your own horizons broad—
Live lovely! And your heart
Will cry — Why THIS is God!

The two poems above were really picked at random as I turned the pages.

I had not intended to turn the Mail Bag preface into a Book Chat, but we have so many lovers of poetry among our readers, I did feel you would like to read what Dr. Bradley has written about poetry and, especially about Francesca Falk Miller's poems.

* * *

Before leaving for his interesting trip to Piney Woods Country Life School at Piney Woods, Mississippi, Dr. Bradley received this letter from Professor Laurence C. Jones, the "Little Professor of Piney Woods:"

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Commencement has the true meaning here at Piney Woods. Our school will close for this session on the 22nd of this month, but we will open the next day for the summer. We end to begin. We also try to make this impression on our graduates, that the true meaning of the word is "beginning" instead of "ending."

Were it not for the good friends of Piney Woods School, there would be no Piney Woods. We are glad to count you one, and appreciate all that you have done to help us grow.

As we think of our material gifts, I am reminded of the books you sent, which served well their purpose. I am just sorry that I haven't written you before now.

I hope you have had an opportunity to see the article in the May issue of the Reader's Digest about our school, which is a condensation of the book by Beth Day, "The Little Professor of Piney Woods."

With every good wish I am

In the joy of spraying a human orchard,

Laurence C. Jones

* * *

From Harry D. Lavery, of the House of Representatives of the State of Illinois, came the following:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just received the most recent copy of The Pine Torch, telling the coming events at the Piney Woods School. I was most pleased to learn that you will be their commencement speaker this year.

Your presence there will surely tend to emphasize the interest that so many of us in the North have in this worthy cause.

With all best regards, I am

Sincerely,

Harry D. Lavery

* * *

Then came a letter from Mr. Wayne Johnston, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, as follows:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

There has just come across my desk The Pine Torch, issued by the Piney Woods School down in Mississippi, and I observe that you are to be their Commencement speaker on Tuesday, May 22.

I have been a follower and supporter of the Piney Woods School for many, many years. Doctor Laurence C. Jones is doing a magnificent job with the young people of his race. I see him frequently, and he stands high in the estimation of many of us who

have known him over the years. You are to be congratulated on taking time out of your busy life to go down to Piney Woods and spend a day with them. I hope you will have a pleasant journey. If it were not for the fact that I must attend a meeting of the trustees of the University of Illinois on that date, I would be tempted to be in the audience and hear what you have to say to this group of youngsters.

Warm regards.

Sincerely yours,

Wayne

* * *

So many of our members have gone to California! Stella Neal writes from 204 S. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills, California:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am thinking about all my friends in Sunday School and Church today. This is Mother's Day and I know there is always a large crowd on this day. I haven't found a church yet like our Chicago Peoples Church, but I will look around for one soon as we get our home furnished. We have been very busy getting unpacked—such a job, I hope we never move again!

We all enjoyed our trip out here and it's very lovely in Beverly Hills—flowers of all kinds and colors. I never dreamed it would be so beautiful. We have had one hard rain. Today is a lovely day, the sun is so bright we wear sun glasses. I think I shall be very happy out here.

I did hate to leave Chicago and all my good friends. Vera gave me a book of yours,—"Meditations." I read it, and it seems I can see you, for I have heard you many Sundays talking about all the things that are in this book. It seems very dear to me.

Every one I have met has been very friendly, so I feel sure I will make new friends, but I'll never forget my friends in the Peoples Church and Sunday School.

Don't forget! You promised you would come to see me if you ever came to California.

God bless you.

Stella Neal

* * *

From a letter from Albert N. Votaw, Director of Uptown Chicago Commission, we quote:

"Believe me, Doctor, I can never convey to you the lift which the meeting at People's Church gave this Commission and how much we all enjoyed your own message. We shall ever be grateful as the years go by to the helpful hand which you and your church extended us in our early formative days."

* * *

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, the famous pianist and teacher, wrote a beautiful note of appreciation, following the funeral services for Mrs. Ganz:

My dear Friend:

My heartfelt thanks to you for the beauty, warmth and human understanding which you expressed during the last tribute to my beloved Mary. Your affection and friendship have made everything easier for me. There could not have been a more distinguished ceremony. Let us meet soon.

Again, with deep appreciation,

Yours very sincerely,

Rudolph

* * *

This note came following an address by Dr. Bradley to the Pen Women:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

May I add my personal applause to that of the Pen Women's group yesterday, after hearing your candid and inspirational talk. I wish every parent could have heard it. We need more crusaders for the exposing of the young to only the best in life. I am glad to

do my bit that way in both my adult and children's poetry.

Sorry you got away before I had the opportunity to tell you this yesterday in my thank you.

Sincerely,

Elsie Melchert Fowler

* * *

From the University of Notre Dame, Erma M. Konya, of South Bend, writes after speaking of books and requesting the copy of a sermon:

"You probably wonder what I know about you. Well, I have listened to you faithfully for a number of years, and May Ferguson never failed to mention you in her numerous letters to me. Just by way of re-introduction—I am the 'Erma' Miss Ferguson mentioned to you from time to time. I 'adopted' May and tried to ease some of her financial burdens and make her life a little brighter during the last three or four years of her life. I learned of her when you mentioned her in one of your broadcasts. I frequently sent May the 'bits of green' so she could pay her 'pew rent' in the 'front seat' which she occupied via radio. The only other way I can identify myself to you is to tell you I was the only lame person who stood in the long line of people who greeted you when you talked at the little Portage Ave. Church in South Bend some months ago. There were many people there that stormy night, so I daresay you don't remember me."

We hope Miss Konya will not be embarrassed in any way by our quoting the above from her letter. We do it merely as an interesting note on the work of the radio broadcast. May Ferguson, who passed on recently, and who had become known by radio and letter to many of Dr. Bradley's friends, met "Erma" through the radio, and "Erma met May. May was always proud of her "front seat" at church, and still prouder, we know, that she could so often send a contribution to the church she loved. And all by way of the fascinating "voice of radio."

* * *

To those who have never lived in a home, such letters as this may be of great interest:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a short note to tell you where I am. I am in the Illinois Masonic Home, at Sullivan, Illinois, about 200 miles from Chicago. I wonder if you have ever visited our Home. It is a wonderful Home for Masons and Masons' widows.

I received your monthly paper through my good friend, Sigrid Olson, and I do enjoy your sermons and all that goes on there in the home neighborhood.

I am the girl who sold you a pair of coveralls to wear at your lake home. I was then at Loren Miller Co.

If you should ever get down this way stop in and see us, as you have a number of friends here. I pass the church paper along the line. All have been to your church at some time.

The saddest time I had was when Mr. Nuernberger passed away and you were out of town, because he had requested you be there.

I did enjoy reading about your wonderful trip to England, Ireland and Scotland.

Again thanking you for the good I get out of your sermons, and may God bless you; and with kindest regards to you and Mrs. Bradley,

May Nuernberger

* * *

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Address. 50th Anniversary Walt Whitman Fellowship, Engineer's Institute
Attended reception for Rev. John Heyworth of Unity Church. His 25th year in that pulpit.

2—Funeral.
Three weddings.

3—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Christening.

4—Funeral.
Wedding.
Address. Woman's Club, Peoples Church.
Sick calls.

6—Black Duck Island, Minnesota.

9—Wedding.

10—Sermon, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Ordination Gregg Carter, Peoples Church.

14—Address. Texas Real Estate Association Convention, Lubbock, Texas

18—Address. W. E. Long Co. Convention, Edgewater Beach Hotel

19—Sailing from New York City on SS "Kungsholm."

FUNERALS

2—Mr. Jules Baclene

4—Kenneth Haldeman

9—Mrs. Marie Faendrick

15—John W. Hill

WEDDINGS

2—Helena Mohar and Clarence Olsen
Mrs. Marie Russell and Irving Gould
Christine Hashman and George Tompkins

4—Norma Kruse and George Knoll

10—Sybil Lane and Rex Styzens

16—Mary Lowenhaupt and Frank Nasiadka

CHRISTENINGS

3—Douglas Wilson Beard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Beard

10—Robert Louis Woods, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Woods

Margaret Lee Mazurek,
Elizabeth Ann Mazurek, Children of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mazurek

Karen Lesley Trainor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Trainor

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OPENING LUNCHEON

Woman's Club of The Peoples Church—Monday, Sept. 24, 12:30 p.m.
Belmont Hotel, 3172 N. Sheridan Road

OPENING DINNER

Professional & Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, Sept. 18, 6:30 p.m.
Lewis Towers, 830 N. Michigan Avenue

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941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Rex Styzens, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.
(Closed for summer June 10th. Re-opens Sept. 16th)
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
(Closed for summer June 10th. Re-opens Sept. 16th)
Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March)..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club (From September to May) Opening Luncheon in Sept. 1956. Summer events by notice to members. Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Corresponding Secretary, 4442 Magnolia Ave. (40).....12:30 noon
Professional and Business Woman's Club (From September to May) Opening Dinner, Sept. 18, 1956. Mrs. Peggy Noble, Corresponding Secretary, 930 W. Argyle St. (40)..... 8:00 p.m.
Men's Club (From September to May) Meetings held on 4th Tuesday of month... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam* Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday during church season. New Members Welcomed.. 9:30 a.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
During the summer, WJJD will broadcast a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley, by transcription.

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